

Not Every Hello Ends with a Goodbye

by NothingxRemains

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Summary: There's always friendship and love, and people always leave. Sometimes they come back. [HTTYD1&2 Rewritten with Jack Frost in the picture.]

1. Falling

**So I'm still trying to figure out exactly what's wrong with this. But! I'm sure I'll have it figured out and fixed by the next chapter. **

**I'm pretty sure this is how every HiJack fan ever imagined HTTYD with Jack in it. **

* * *

><p>It was always the same; Jack would find a new island, a new place with humans inhabiting it, get attached to one, and watch them die. They would grow old and leave the world the way every one expected them to, or a tragic accident would happen and leave Jack torn up for years. Sometimes they could see him, most of the time they couldn't. Dragons, the only species as a whole that could see him, tended to shy away from the startling cold his presence brought. He'd been on this earth as an immortal for almost three hundred years now(it didn't help that his body required very little sleep), and it was long enough to know nothing was permanent.<p>

Now was no different. Jack wandered across a small island with a village full of huge intimidating people and vast forests. In his first week wandering idly around the place he chanced upon multiple occurrences that were very new to him. A flurry of dragons had descended upon the humans (vikings, because why not) and all hell broke loose for a small undetermined amount of time. The boisterous activity alone was enough for Jack to feel comfortable venturing in the village up close, though still looming above the rooftops. A

small boy (toothpick compared to the rest) catching the attention of a snake-eyed beast and being held responsible for the destruction of a series of ramps and stairs used to access lower parts of the island. Jack had stared bug-eyed and laughed himself silly when he heard that the small, freckled, green-eyed kid was the son of the red-haired giant reprimanding him for going on about capturing a night fury.

Admittedly, when morning dawned he spent the next few days patiently combing through the trees of the forest for the beast, more often than not catching the young brunette doing the same thing from the ground, dragging marks a little book he kept with him for each area he deemed reasonably dragon-less. Jack found the dragon two days before the small viking, deciding to follow him around and uttering useless nonsense at him as he searched ("You're going the wrong waaay," "I think it was this way... wait, hold on a minute," "What exactly are we trying to accomplish here again?") and laughing at his episodes of clumsiness when he wasn't paying attention. After the long wait, Jack had bounced in excitement and anticipation when he got close, speaking words of encouragement that fell on deaf ears when the boy looked just about ready to give up. When he confronted the dragon, even the winter spirit was quiet in the tension, waiting for the strike that never came. "What, what are you doing? Are you kidding me? We've been searching for almost a week and you're just gonna let him-" the night fury's pounce left him in a startled panic, coiling and ready to jump at the dragon poised over the human. After it took off, Jack got closer than he usually did to check on the unconscious brunette that had passed out face-down in the soil.

After he returned home, Jack camped out on his roof for the night, eavesdropping on the forced conversation below him as he gazed up at the stars in the night sky. He spent the next day wandering the forest near the wreckage, chancing upon the small cove where the beast rested. Though resting wasn't exactly the way to describe the frantic scrabbling against the rocks, the frustrated cries that escaped the scaly creature when he fell back to the ground. He was stuck, and somehow he just knew it was the small viking boy's doing. Sure enough, he found the dragon again, and kept coming back. It left the winter spirit in awe at how Hiccup bonded with the night fury, and Jack decided watching the relationship unfold would be how he spent his days.

* * *

><p>Hiccup was dragging a huge basket of fish through the forest, yawning and scrubbing his eyes when Jack found him. He'd stayed up late the night before, rotating between working on the invention he'd sketched out for Toothless' tail and rummaging through books on all sorts, even ones with silly legends about trolls and winter spirits. He had no luck with information on night furies, but he couldn't help but be a little curious of things they had no truth existed, pondering over strange occurrences (like things disappearing and greenery randomly frosted over in the forest) until he passed out. Those thoughts lingered in the back of his mind as he trudged between the trees, going over his plan to secure the thing on the night fury's tail in his head.<p>

Delighted laughter broke his train of thought, and he looked around for a moment to find the source before he heard the voice again, from

above him. He froze when his eyes found a lithe shape hovering in the air, saying "How you managed to carry that huge thing with such scrawny limbs I'll never know." The words broke his momentary stupor, gasping as he realized what it was and dropping the basket, falling and scrambling back as it drew closer. It... it was a boy! A boy with stark white hair and pale skin and big blue eyes, a huge cane with a hook at the end frosted over in his hand. He didn't look much older than Hiccup, but he definitely wasn't a viking. In fact Hiccup immediately questioned whether he was human at because people did not dance around in the air like it was perfectly normal. Dragons, sure, but not humans.

The humor in his young face fell immediately when he found Hiccup's eyes staring back at him, slowly falling until his feet touched the ground. It was silent for a few thundering heartbeats as the brunette scrambled through the thoughts in his head, trying to recall the words on the pages from his exploring the night before, words blurring together, only certain key ones standing out in his mind. But his concentration stayed on the other male, hyper-aware when more words spilled out in the open. "You can.. can you- see me?" he started, unsure, posture hunched cautiously and hands spread apart in a placating gesture. A name came to mind as Hiccup struggled to calm himself.

"...Jokul?" It wasn't exactly what he'd planned to say, the name had sort of just thrown itself out there, and Hiccup's teeth clicked together when he shut his mouth to keep any other unintentional words from spilling out. A surprised laugh answered him, and the other stumbled back a little. "Yeah," he breathed. "I mean, I prefer Jack, but-wait. How... I've been following you around for days and you couldn't see me. Why all of a sudden..."

Reflexively, Hiccup opened his mouth to answer; to explain that he'd been up reading about it (and maybe even dreamed a little of Norse gods and blizzards and things of the like). What came out was, "You've been following me?" Immediately Jack looked away, turning eyes to the sky and ambling casually with an innocent "Did I say that? I didn't say that," side-eying Hiccup.

Shaking himself out of the stunned state, "Uh, I mean, I was up reading really late last night so. I kinda found some stories about winter spirits and gods and... yup that's what happened." Kneeling down to pick up the fish that had spilled all over the ground, Hiccup had a hard time keeping his eyes off Jack, questioning himself and very seriously considering the fact that he was hallucinating. He wasn't quite sure what would convince him he wasn't because come on, they were just stories and how much sleep had he gotten? It was very possible the exhaustion had gotten to him. "A-anyway, I should probably get going, I have, uh-"

"A hungry dragon to feed?" Jack finished, righting the wicker basket and how in the hell had he gotten so close without Hiccup noticing. There were so many things about that statement that made Hiccup want to just stop and question the guy's whole existence, but he left it alone with a pinch to the bridge of his nose. He was too tired for this, he'd leave it alone for now, he'd probably find out later and too many questions would probably set them off on the wrong foot and Hiccup just did not have time for this. So he sighed and mentally threw his hands up in surrender, picking up the rest of the fish with Jack's help. Amazingly enough, Jack slung the thing over his shoulder

and walked between the trees, his first words echoing in the viking's head as he stared at the retreating back. Hiccup grimaced and scrambled to catch up, responding to Jack's grin with a glare. The whole situation was weird but whatever, he could ignore the insanity of it until it didn't feel like a big deal anymore, or if Jack disappeared because he wasn't real.

They walked the rest of the way to the cove in silence, and from then on Jack continued to be mocking and unhelpful from the sidelines. "Really, how could you not know they hate eel," to which Hiccup rolled his eyes at him. "Yeah okay, mister expert." Catching the tail was like a one sided tug of war. Jack, where he had been relaxing perched on a rock, grew wary when Toothless' wings began to open, sitting up and eying the dragon. "Hiccup..." he tried to alert the other to what was up, when the dragon suddenly took off, the viking boy still latched onto his tail. "Hiccup!" Jack jumped to his feet, watching in alarm as they went careening off to the side before straightening out suddenly, realizing that Hiccup was fiddling with the makeshift tail attachment. A slight smile lifted his face, and he jumped into action, catching Hiccup on the downfall by his upper arms when Toothless shook him off. "Whoo!" he cheered weakly as Jack gently lowered him to the ground, chuckling quietly. They watched as Toothless splashed through the water with a shriek, and Jack could see the gears turning in the young viking's head as he considered the device he'd constructed, forgetting the oddity of the situation as he thought.

* * *

><p>Jack followed Hiccup home that day, no longer hesitant to step foot in the village. He even went to dragon training with him, collapsing on the ground in hysterics when Hiccup pulled the eel out on the double headed dragon, face beat red from the winter spirit's amusement as he rushed out the door. When he finally caught up, the brunette shoved him for his mockery("And the looks on their faces too!"). After training they relaxed for a bit in Hiccup's room, the boy exchanging small talk and responding to Jack's teasing with sass as he sketched a design for the saddle to go with the industrial tail fin. Toothless couldn't control it himself so after debating it to himself and inquiring the other male's opinion, Hiccup had ultimately decided he would learn how to ride the night fury. Jack watched from the far corner in fascination while the brunette worked to bring the sketch to life, enthralled by his concentration and effort. It was well into the night when he was done, and Jack ended up having to carry him back to his house over one shoulder, saddle in hand and careful not to be seen as he crept inside the house and lay Hiccup down. Since Jack didn't need to sleep very often, he spent the remaining hours of darkness going through Hiccup's books and watching the boy sleep.<p>

This was how they spent most days. Jack would answer Hiccup's questions about him and show him what he could do on their way to see Toothless, and then sit and watch from the sidelines as the viking learned as much as he could from the night fury (Jack laughed in delight when the dragon ran at the prospect of a saddle, teasing Hiccup about his lack of stamina and athleticism). From then on they would go to dragon training and Hiccup would put his new knowledge to the test where he could. They would hang out, Hiccup usually falling asleep anywhere that wasn't his bed, like his desk or the forge, or the grand hall, sometimes even on the roof when Jack took him up

there, and the winter spirit usually took him down to bed, and he never questioned how he ended up there when he woke up in the morning.

It became their usual routine until the ships that had sailed came back, broken edges and ripped sails. But since half the village's return, Jack began falling back into the shadows sometimes, giving Hiccup space to interact with his dad or friends from the training, or when Gobber had work for him. Hiccup didn't mention it, but if the way he looked at him when he found him already waiting with Toothless was anything to go by, he definitely noticed.

But Jack still went to training with him, and he definitely didn't miss the way Hiccup's face fell when he was chosen to slay a dragon. The viking was quiet for a long while after that, Jack quietly trailing behind him because upon trying to bring it up, "How am I supposed to choose between disappointing my dad and killing a dragon? I couldn't even do it the first time!" He didn't bring it up again because really, how was he supposed to answer that? That night Hiccup blew his candle out early and climbed into bed on his side, leaving enough space on one side in a silent invitation to Jack, after a minute's hesitation. They laid in silence for a while, before Hiccup finally spoke. "I'll leave. I'll find a place for me and Toothless." It left the winter spirit unsettled, but he let it go so the brunette could sleep. But he would definitely bring it up tomorrow.

* * *

><p>The confrontation didn't go well. They were walking through the forest to see Toothless, when he took a deep breath and started. "I don't think you should leave," he started. At Hiccup's inquisitive look, he continued, "I mean, it's one dragon. You're really going to leave your dad and your village over one dragon?" Jack, who had ultimately been alone most of his immortal life, couldn't fully grasp it. Stoick was Hiccup's only family, Berk was where he grew up. And he was willing to throw it all away, just like that? For what?<p>

Hiccup shook his head. "You don't get it. It's not just one dragon, Jack. If I do this they'll expect me to do it every time dragon's invade the village. How could I live with myself, how could I do something like that and still look Toothless in the eye? It's not right."

"But your dad, Hiccup! You're used to living without special treatment. Even if you don't kill it, is it really worth abandoning your only family member, your home?"

The viking whirled on him then. "Look, I can't make you understand. I used to be nothing before this. Everyone laughed at me, I made a mess everywhere, I shamed my father! When I caught Toothless, I really, really wanted to do it. To kill him and prove to my dad that I was something he could be proud of, that I wasn't worthless." Hiccup's voice had been escalating to higher volumes, but he sighed and his shoulders dropped, voice quieting. "I just... wouldn't," he sounded defeated, tired.

Jack was quiet a moment, hesitating, before he asked, "..What stopped you?"

Hiccup stared at the ground, green eyes not leaving the ice patterns Jack had swirled on the ground with his staff and feet. "I wouldn't kill him because he looked just as frightened as I was. I looked at him and I saw... myself," he admitted sullenly, finally looking up at the winter spirit. He must not have liked what he found staring back at him, because he tensed, raising his chin. "Look, I get it, you don't like it. I'm going to go see Toothless and try and figure things out; maybe you should too."

With that, the young viking turned and kept walking, leaving Jack standing there feeling lost, chest tight with an anger he didn't really understand. He flexed his hands, jaw clenching, before turning in the opposite direction and taking off. Both boys were unaware that Astrid found Hiccup after they turned separate ways, surprising him with her presence in the cove. This day was just not going well for Hiccup.

The viking didn't make it back home until late in the night, finding Jack curled above the doorway on the roof waiting for him; it had been a small thread of hope that the brunette hadn't already left. Hiccup waved him inside without a word, waiting until they had both settled down in the bed before mentioning it. "Astrid found out, about Toothless," he said. Then, quieter, he added, "we found the dragon's nest." The gears turned in Jack's head, and he felt the weight of that one statement, bearing heavy on his heart as he thought about what that meant to his companion.

Hiccup sighed, and Jack felt the urge to close the distance between them, to wrap himself around the smaller boy until everything fixed itself inside his head. He didn't move, falling asleep to forest green eyes gazing back at him. He woke up to find his pale fingers intertwined with small warm hands between them. He stayed that way until Hiccup woke up, and even then neither of them said anything. Words hadn't hashed out well for them recently, so Hiccup settled on a different form of comfort as Jack watched the stress overrun him.

* * *

><p>Today was it; all or nothing. Hiccup stood on the other side of the gate with Astrid and Gobber, looking around for a familiar winter spirit and finding none. He sighed, making a brief exchange of reassurances with Astrid before hesitantly stepping out into the arena.<p>

Jack sat with Toothless in the cove, thoughts filled with nothing but Hiccup as he waited. He didn't know if he would go to the fight, if he would kill the dragon, or if he'd wake up, pack and leave to meet Toothless here. Fight or no fight, win or lose, Jack knew the viking would find his way back here eventually, where Jack would be waiting for him. While the winter spirit delved in his thoughts, he snapped out of the stupor he'd fallen into when the night fury perked his head and ears up, before throwing himself into action at the wall, scrabbling at the rocks in a desperate attempt to escape. It had been so sudden that the winter spirit immediately knew something was wrong, using his powers to gust the wind underneath the dragon and give him a boost over the edge, following him above the treetops as fast as he could.

Hiccup was sure he was done for, trapped under the claws of the

Monstrous Nightmare when an all too familiar high pitched sounded started up, and the cage exploded in a blinding blue light from above. The claws about him disappeared, and the smoke from the blast cleared to reveal Toothless and the red dragon clawing at each other, Toothless lurching back and snapping at it's attempts to attack. Everything moved too fast then, vikings flooding the arena and the dragons being surrounded. Jack made it in time to see Toothless poised over Stoick like he had done to Hiccup that first day in the woods, and Hiccup's scream was the only thing that stopped him from blowing the viking to smithereens. Like the calm before the storm, everything was quiet and still for a moment, before something connected with the dragon's face and all the vikings surged around him, pinning him down and restraining him. Jack flew down to help the Astrid hold Hiccup back, fingers clenching on his shoulder as the brunette begged them not to hurt the dragon.

He stayed in the shadow when his father shoved him to the ground, doing his best to be a silent reassurance at his back while he watched the ships sail away. Astrid's pep talk made Jack's chest ache when he saw it's effectiveness on Hiccup, but he smiled approvingly when they brought the young vikings and the caged dragons together. The winter spirit was in a panic the entire time they were on the dragon's island, sure that his heart would explode every moment he couldn't find Hiccup, chaos breaking loose under the Red Death's feet. The winter spirit was helpless to watch Toothless burst into the sky with Hiccup on his back, saving Astrid as the others scurried to get out of the way. His own heartbeat sounded as thunderous as the night fury's strikes in the clouds, screaming out the viking's name as he disappeared into the explosion of fire.

* * *

><p>The next chapter will probably be more than a little bit heart breaking, but it'll get better. [Please R&R]

2. Unraveling

**So I kind of promised a tearjerker at the end of the last chapter.
**

I had originally planned to rewrite the first movie, and then the second.

But **_then_**** I found out there's a show! (Of course I didn't know; why would I? I don't watch TV. So ****_of course_**** there's a show.)**

**So I had to throw that in. Some of it, anyway. I'm not done watching it. **

* * *

><p>When Hiccup woke up, his whole body felt like one giant bruise. He opened his eyes and the room spun, a headache beating against the inside of his skull beckoning him to close his eyes with a groan. The brunette took a moment to appreciate that he had in fact woken up. He made a half attempt to roll over but stopped short; it was then he noticed the unusual coldness seeping into his side through the air and covers. Opening his eyes again revealed Jack's pale sleeping face

staring back at him, thin body doing it's best to squeeze onto the edge of the frame without touching Hiccup.<p>

Taking the other boy's hand, Hiccup interlaced their fingers and held them between them. He couldn't muster up strength for much more than that, so he opted to go to sleep a while longer. When he woke up again, the air was moderately warmer. He figured out what had woke him when he felt hot breath on his face, and emerald eyes opened to find Toothless, the night fury leaning closer and nudging his face enthusiastically to wake him up, and ended up stepping on his stomach. The brunette shot up in a fit of pain, shaking his head and panicking a little when he realized Toothless was in his house, jumping between the rafters and knocking things over. He quieted down when Hiccup lifted up the blanket, waiting patiently as the small viking tried to stand.

Jack was perched on the ceiling again, watching the dragons fly around the village when he heard the door click open below him, then immediately slam shut. The winter spirit peered over the edge at the door curiously, waiting for it to open again. Sure enough, it cracked open and there stood Hiccup, peering out at the surroundings before he spotted Jack. He opened the door wider, earning him a smile that he mirrored before Jack retreated on the roof. The villagers were crowding around as Hiccup made it down the steps, eyes wide with amazement.

_"I knew it, I'm dead." _

_"No, but you gave it your best shot." _

Astrid's kiss was a reward and wonderful if Hiccup's face was anything to go by, but for Jack it only left an unbearable ache in his chest, and an uneasy sense of foreboding.

* * *

><p>The following year was hard for Jack. The village at first was chaotic, dragons everywhere all the time and eating everything. The winter spirit did his best to help but eventually the uselessness and the feeling he was only getting in the way made him staying in the shadows. Dragons on Berk meant less time Jack got to see his favorite viking, less time said viking spent enjoying when they could just relax and hang out. Eventually Jack even stopped being Hiccup's shadow, choosing to stay inside and wait for the brunette to come home at night.<p>

Once Jack tried to get Hiccup to loosen up, throwing a snowball at him when he was walking in front of the house and feigning innocence when the brunette spotted him; it had been a mistake. Hiccup had stormed inside and yelled "I don't have time for your fun and games Jack, this is serious. I'm the only chance those dragons have of staying on this island and if you can't help me the least you could do is stay out of my way!" and left. When he came back, the room was covered in icy fractures, shooting up the walls and across the ground like huge cracks, and Jack was nowhere to be found. After the crisis with Alvin the Treacherous had been averted, Hiccup searched the island for two days before he found the winter spirit in the old cove, passed out on the small pond that had been frozen solid. When Jack woke up Hiccup stayed inside with him all day, apologized, and did his best to make it up to him.

For a little while, things got easier. Jack started going with Hiccup again when he went out, the two quietly roughhousing and messing around when no one was looking. Jack would use his abilities to mess with the other viking teenagers and their dragons, sometimes even other villagers, and they would laugh and joke about it at night in Hiccup's room. Falling asleep in the same bed became customary, even though Jack didn't sleep most nights.

After the storm passed and all the animals went back to producing food like they were supposed to, Jack and Hiccup argued for a good portion of the night. Hiccup knew the winter spirit had done it, but he didn't know it hadn't been on purpose and he didn't know why. Jack had flushed an embarrassing purple and refused to give an answer. The storm had been caused by the winter spirit's emotions running wild, because all the pieces fell into place and he realized he liked Hiccup more than he could admit (even to himself) since those first couple months in Berk. It was hard on him because Hiccup was always busy or stressed out or both, and he and Astrid had only been getting closer and it was so easy to be pushed aside.

* * *

><p>The first time Hiccup saw someone walk through Jack, the spirit grasping at his heaving chest with big round eyes and looking lost and broken like he'd never seen, the viking had dragged him back to the house by his hand and refused to let go. He'd made Jack take his deerskin cloak and cotton shirt off and tell him the story of each scar he had gained over the past three hundred years as he traced it with one hand, the other interlocked with Jack's between where they sat cross legged on the bed, facing each other. Even after he fell asleep, the human refused to let go, clinging to his whole body instead of just his hand. Jack had indulged a little, combing his fingers through the short tresses and pressing his lips to his heated skin, leaving small frosted patterns behind.<p>

The worst of the whole thing was that some part inside of Jack had seen this coming. It was no longer the season for snow and Jack slept a lot more, having to focus his energy on keeping his powers under control. The annual Thawfest games had ended with Snoutlout upholding his unbroken streak of victories. Jack sat on the edge of the ring shaking his head at Hiccup, a smile on his face because it hadn't been hard to miss the mercy he'd had on the other teenager. Astrid approached Hiccup and the winter spirit did his best to not let it get to him; it didn't work. The looked on the brunette's face when she pulled away was bliss, but short lived. Jack shot away in an explosion of ice and whipping wind catching everyone's attention and scaring those closest to him. When Hiccup came home he found the other boy curled up on the floor leaning against the bed, refusing to look at him. Hiccup never regretted anything more than he did that day.

"What is your problem, Jack?"

Silence.

"Seriously? Come on. My life may not be perfect, but it's so much better than it used to be. People actually notice me now, my dad is actually proud of me, the girl I love-" Jack winced, "-is finally starting to take interest in me. What is so bad about all that?"

The viking lost all his vigor when glassy blue eyes lifted from the floor and met his forest green ones, nailing him to the spot. "You... _love_ her?" It was quiet and hesitant, filled with disbelief and _hurt_, frost starting to creep along the floor and the bed. It did nothing to match Hiccup's angry tone. The brunette fell under the weight of his gaze, dropping to his knees in front of the other. After a few minutes in silence, he spoke again. "I thought... I mean I knew but... I felt like we were getting so much closer, I couldn't help myself, I thought you're feelings might have changed. I..." he didn't continue.

"...You... what? Thought I didn't like her anymore? Thought I might've...liked _you_?" And he sprung up again, anger washing away the surprise and disbelief and painful ache in his chest. "Really? How could you think that, Jack? I told you about my crush on her, when we first met! You knew! Why would you think I'd ever...? Well wait a minute now, let me think; a hot, living human viking girl my age that I've known almost my whole life, or a cold, ancient _guy_, I might add, that I've known for barely over a year and doesn't even exist to most people! Gee, I wonder!"

His anger got to Jack then, the harsh, exuberant exasperation crawling along his skin and tightening his chest as he got to his feet, ice splintering on the floor beneath him. "I get it, fine, whatever, it was stupid to believe you'd ever see me like that. It's nice to know I bothered you so much, or thought I knew you when I guess I didn't. Jokes on me," the words were bitter on his tongue, chilling him down to the bone colder than he'd ever felt. "That's what I get for falling in love with the boy who flies with fire-breathing dragons. My mistake! Won't happen again!" Jack flew out the open hatch that Hiccup had built in for Toothless; he didn't come back. Jack had stayed on the island for a few days after the fight, lurking in the forest and on the edges of the village. Hiccup didn't come to look for him; sometimes when he was in the dragon academy or wandering aimlessly around the village, he'd look to his side or glance behind him like he was expecting to find Jack there and remembering he wouldn't be. Jack would come see him at night after he fell asleep, leaving small patches of ice for Hiccup to find in the morning.

Hiccup regretted it long after Jack was gone. It had been edging into a month when he realized that maybe Jack had left for good. He didn't see any random cold spots, no more ice left in his room or a thin white haired boy flying around the village or hovering behind him. The viking had already started dating Astrid, having an actual relationship with her when it hit him just how much Jack had actually meant to him. It was two years after the frost spirit left that Hiccup could admit to himself how much he really missed the other boy. He missed the teasing and the jokes, the lighthearted squabbling and the thrilling experiences they shared. Even the more serious arguments they'd had were memorable to Hiccup, and when he remembered their last fight, he suddenly understood that raw hurt in his icy blue eyes, like someone had pushed him into a river and he'd suddenly forgotten how to swim. He'd shadowed Hiccup everywhere since the day they'd met, been the last thing he saw at night, and when they touched it was like he'd forgotten how to breathe, like Hiccup was the only thing he'd ever need and him grasping their hands together and not letting go was his lifeline after years of wandering alone.

Hiccup wasn't quite the same after that, and for a while he was listless. But he learned to hide it and he continued on with his life; he had his best friend, a girlfriend, his dad was proud of him, and he still had so much to learn and do. The regret never left him, his memories of laughter and big blue eyes, pale skin, and snow white hair never forgotten. But he could only move forward and hope that they wouldn't be just a memory for the rest of his life.

* * *

><p>Don't know when I'll get the next chapter up, but it'll probably be soon; hopefully.

Also if anyone was wondering the title is based off this video
**(ww-w.-you-tube.-c-o-m-/-watch?v=H0JXw-Ue8UNM (minus the dashes))
**

(Also I'll probably end up writing more stories based off amv's by the same person because asgerigdfkkgkfdkgs **_FEELS_****)**

3. Hypnotizing

Major How To Train Your Dragon 2 Spoilers below. I suggest not reading if you haven't seen it yet.

* * *

><p>"So what do you say? Just keep going?"

Toothless crooned, staring out at the unexplored land stretched out in front of them. Hiccup gazed with him, sighing. They had covered every inch of mapped ground, explored uncharted territory, requested information from overseas. Nothing; no reports of random snow or change in temperature, no sighting of a flying boy with white hair. No night furies, either. This was a search meant to fulfill multiple missions: rescue dragons, find a night fury, find Jack.

The viking got distracted from his thoughts by a familiar dragon cry behind him, turning to see Storm Fly drop in with Astrid on her back.

Hiccup wasn't in his right mind to run a village, he wasn't fit to be chief. He couldn't handle all that responsibility, couldn't focus on the people's needs when his mind had already been wandering for years. How was he supposed to take his father's place when he didn't even know who he was?

"What you're looking for, isn't out there, it's in here. you just don't see it yet."

Astrid's kiss didn't help make him feel better, didn't affect him anymore, distinctly registering her grossed out sounds from behind him.

"But, y'know, there is something out there."

* * *

><p>This was just what he needed. Some crazy dragon trappers, with some crazy boss, creating a dragon army, which was also crazy. And of course, as soon as he got his father to believe him, he was running around the island like a madman, barking orders to get the entire village on lockdown, vikings and dragons alike. He slipped through the closing gates, Astrid hot on his tail as Stoick's shouts faded in the distance. Dealing with the dragon trappers felt easy, convincing them to take them their leader that his father had nearly lost his mind at the mention of. It was easy until said father interrupted. His paranoia made a little more sense after he shared what he knew of Drago, but it wouldn't stop the younger viking.<p>

Hiccup took off again, unable to contain his scream of frustration into the silence. Toothless' comforting croon turned into a suspicious growl as a figure appeared to his right. Hiccup, thinking it was his dad, sat up to tell him off again, being shocked into silence when a different sight greeted his eyes, disappearing before shooting up again on a massive dragon. Moments later, the viking was being snagged off Toothless' back, the night fury helplessly plummeting towards the earth, Hiccup screaming his name as he disappeared through the ice. Being held captive with his legs dangling was somewhat terrifying, but not as much as the thought of losing his best friend forever.

The dragon rider did his level best to keep the dragons surrounding him, thanking all the Norse gods when Toothless emerged from the crowd, wet but alive. His emotions danced between terror and cautious amazement as the dragon's mouths lit up one by one, Toothless lolling onto his back at a single touch, his captor outstretching a hand towards his face. They suddenly retreated, a woman emerging from behind the mask; a person he thought he'd never meet.

"Do I know you?"

"No, you were only a babe. But a mother never forgets."

* * *

><p>The dragon's lair was incredible, beautiful, hundreds of dragons flying freely about. For the first time in a long while, Hiccup's mind wasn't plagued with self-doubt and worry. There were so many dragon types that he had never seen in real life, so many stories to tell, so much catching up to do. His mom was alive, and she had been doing the past twenty years what he had only been doing for four or five. She had been granted this freedom by the dragon everyone thought had killed her, a massive creature with an owlish face and a gentle, curious demeanor. After she retold all this to Hiccup, she introduced him to the bewilderbeast, resting quietly down before.

"Every nest has it's queen, but this is a king of all dragons."

The alpha blew in his face approvingly, Valka laughing as Hiccup shook the frost off that had made all his hair stand up. It was then that he heard another laugh rang out, the sound achingly familiar and gut-wrenching. Reality came back to the brunette then, as his mom asked about food. "Yeah uh, you go on ahead, I'll catch up in a minute," he said distractedly. He couldn't hear her answer, stumbling forward slowly, eyes raking over the bewilderbeast, until he found

it. Bright, shining blue eyes gazing out at him from between the upturned scales on the alpha's head.

Hiccup slipped on the grass, and Jack impulsively jumped out from hiding, standing out in the open on the alpha, afraid for a split second he'd keep falling. The viking barely noticed, having landed on his back side in the grass. He sat up again, couldn't bear the thought of taking his eyes off him for a second, afraid he would just disappear. The winter spirit slowly wandered closer, drifting cautiously in the air until he loomed in front of the fallen human. After a moment's hesitation, he held his hand out. Hiccup reached for it tentatively, getting to his feet, dusting the grass off. Jack made a small sound low in his throat, his eyes wide and glossy. It took a minute for the viking to figure it out: Hiccup was taller now, older, looking down at Jack instead of up, the white haired boy the exact spitting image of the person he'd met five years ago.

Neither of them registered the next few seconds until it was already happening. Cold lips against chapped ones, a warm hand gripping the front of Jack's white cotton shirt, pale fingers tangled in messy brown hair. Tears spilled down the winter spirit's cheeks, hands trembling. The terrible ache in Hiccup's chest eased, but only for a few moments. All too soon he was being shoved away, a loud crack echoing in the air around them. The brunette was stunned, cheek burning from the impact of Jack's slap. He didn't say anything, touching the red mark and watching the shiny streaks on the others' pale skin. _"What.. why would you..."_ his voice wavered, and he collapsed in on himself, burying his face in his hands.

Hiccup understood then. He'd been too smart for his own good, reading Jack's unspoken words in the air and ended up breaking his heart. Here they were a few years later, and Hiccup had up and kissed him like it had never happened. He sat down next to Jack, carefully winding his arms around him, resting his chin on the top of his head. "I'm so sorry," he whispered, letting all the grief and heart ache he'd brought upon himself in the past four years wash over him. "I never meant to hurt you, Jack," he continued to murmur quietly to the shaking body under his fingertips. He recalled every morning waking up to bright blue eyes, a barely-there sensory memory of being held against chilled skin as he was carried to bed the night before. "I didn't mean to make you leave."

The shaking calmed down after a few minutes, the winter spirit peaking up between his finger tips, searching the raw emotion on Hiccup's face. He reached up tentatively, thumbing away a tear that he hadn't realized escaped. Jack bit his lip, grabbing a fistful of auburn hair and yanking. He got up on his knees, looking down at the freckled face, wide forest green eyes gazing up at his conflicted face. Hiccup let out a breath and closed his eyes, submitting to the other; whatever he got, he deserved. Though he certainly wasn't expecting lips to find his own again, fingers tightening in his hair when he tried to grab onto something, so he remained limp, simply responding to what he was given. Jack licked at his lower lip and he obliged, his tongue slipping past his lips aggressively as he pushed the brunette back down on the grass, his knees on either side of the winter spirit braced over him.

When he finally pulled back they were both gasping for air, Jack's fingers curled loosely in his brown hair, Hiccup's hands limp in the grass at his sides. The winter spirit thumped his head against his

chest, shaking it slightly before he sat back, no longer touching the brunette. Hiccup reached up, swiping his thumb across the others' kiss-bitten lips. "Come home with me," he heard himself say, tearing his eyes away from his mouth to look him in the eyes. Jack's lips parted, searching for something when a roar jerked his attention elsewhere.

Toothless came sailing over Hiccup's head, tackling the surprised winter spirit. They went tumbling down the grass, leaving the stunned viking scrambling to his feet and chasing after them. They rolled to a stop at the bottom of the hill, next to the line where the grass met the water. Jack was laughing, struggling under the night fury's body as he attempted to lick his face off. "Toothless, settle down bud," Hiccup laughed, getting his arms around the dragon and attempt to wrangle him off the other boy. "Looks like somebody was excited to see you," he said, laughing up at the innocent open-mouthed smile Toothless gave Jack. The winter spirit climbed to his feet, and Toothless was after him again, dragging Hiccup with him as he nudged at him. Jack laughed, patting his face affectionately.

"Hiccup?" The soft voice made Hiccup gasp, remembering that he had left Valka waiting.

"Mom!" he said, releasing his death grip on the dragon to sit properly on the saddle.

"What are you doing down here?" She asked, looking between the two and the bewilderbeast.

"She can't see me," Jack commented, attempting to wipe the slime off his face.

"Oh, uh, _Toothless_, wanted to get a closer look at the alpha. Isn't that right bud?" Dragon in question slapped him in the face with his ear. "We were just messing around."

"I see. Well, come on then, it's feeding time," she said, a grin lighting up her face that Hiccup couldn't help but return. He looked back at Jack and jerked his head in her direction, inviting him to go with them. He smiled and hopped onto Toothless, sitting sideways and leaning against his back.

* * *

><p>It was incredible, watching the great alpha provide for all the other dragons; Toothless certainly was enjoying himself. Valka was amazing, gracefully walking from dragon to dragon, dropping off the edge of the night fury's wing only to be caught by Cloud Jumper. Valka and Jack both sat back in amazement as Hiccup leaped off Toothless and flew on his own, exhilarated by his creation. The winter spirit held himself back, letting Toothless handle the duck-and-roll rescue that ended crash landing into the snow. Jack laughed when the viking popped up again, excited. They learned new secrets, new stories. Today had been a reunion for Jack and Hiccup, but it was not nearly as important as the boy meeting his mother for the first time in twenty years; so he hung back, even when his father and Gobber appeared, and when Stoick confronted the wife he thought he'd lost forever.<p>

The peace was always short lived.

* * *

><p>Jack did his best to be a silent reassurance for Hiccup, helping free the imprisoned dragons and freezing some of the enemies, but it was for nothing. Drago's alpha won, they lost all the dragon's, even Toothless. Hiccup didn't even react to the spirit's touch as he mourned the loss of his father, Drago escaping with his night fury. He was powerless as dragons swarmed Berk, hopeful when Hiccup disappeared in the ice and everyone thought they'd lost him, too. But he'd seen this before, seen the boy be swallowed whole in the fires of hell and still make it out alive. The ice shattered into a million pieces, and Toothless roared into the face of the alpha with no fear, and won. Berk had a new chief, the dragons a new alpha, and Hiccup's family was home.<p>

In the aftermath of the battle, after long days of repairing buildings and recovering from the damage, Hiccup would come home and hug his mom, then trudge upstairs and collapse in the winter spirit's arms, where he belonged. He would shake with exhaustion and grief in the shadow of death, and Jack would hold him and sooth him, Toothless wrapped around the both of them, until the trembles ceased and Hiccup pressed a tender kiss to skin closest to his face before his body went limp, letting sleep take him. They would still be there when he woke up, the viking never more relieved to see pale skin and snowy white hair first thing in the morning.

Eventually he told his mom about Jack, how he had met him while he was taking care of Toothless and that the winter spirit had been living with them and the bewilderbeast after he left Berk. She was skeptical but she trusted her son, and never regretted it when she could finally see the boy that had been by her side the past three years, reprimanding Hiccup for scaring him away. But she accepted him into their home and never had any problems with him, and the pain of Stoick's absence slowly eased as the repairs were finished up, the village of Berk being restored to it's former glory. Everything was the way it was supposed to be.

* * *

><p>So I'm debating one more short NSFW chapter, what do you guys think?

I just summarized How to Train Your Dragon, Riders of Berk, and How to Train Your Dragon 2 in three chapters.

I like Astrid, she's feisty, but there just wasn't room for her in the end. (Oh well.)

So let me know what you guys think, and depending on the response I get I might or might not write a cute-smut chapter.

4. Keep It Sweet

So here's the NSFW chapter I know all **three_ hundred_**** of you wanted.**

(Even though nobody said anything. Shut up.)

* * *

><p>Hiccup came home one night and Jack was ready to greet the brunette with a smile and warm greeting, but he was cut short by the frustrated look on his face, the red mark on his cheek as Toothless hesitantly climbed through the hatch. "What happened?" he asked, eyes wide and waiting as the viking looked down at him. The next moment Hiccup was straddling his waist, crawling over him on the bed and kissing him with a languid passion that left Jack reeling for a minute. The brunette took the opportunity to explain.<p>

"I told Astrid that I had someone else, that I couldn't be with her anymore." The winter spirit felt the slow burn of anger rise. He'd been back for months now, and he had just now told her? Obviously it would explain his reddened cheek, but he should have taken care of that a long time ago.

Hiccup could practically feel the anger, Jack's body tensing under his. He pushed him down onto his back, kissing him again before trailing them down his jaw and neck. "I've been avoiding her since the battle ended," he murmured in between kisses, his attempt at keeping the other calm. "She was giving me time to recuperate, but she finally cornered me just a little while ago." An irritation remained, because it clicked into place that they had been together in Jack's absence, but the immediate anger subsided, leaving jealousy behind. He rolled them over, kissing back possessively as he straddled the others' waist.

Hiccup broke the kiss in a fit of laughter that quickly died into a gasp, the winter spirit lavishing a single spot on his neck enthusiastically, soliciting a guttural moan from the body beneath him. He set his whole body to work, grinding down on his hips and tangling his fingers in the messy brown locks, moving back to kiss the brunette again. They stayed like that until his body started giving aborted jerks were it was trapped under Jack, hands grasping over his shoulders and arms, looking for something to hold on to.

Suddenly they were being flipped again, eyes unfocused and a purple flush rising in his cheeks. It took him a minute to figure out what had happened, having been completely lost in the sensations of their activities. His arms were pulled above his head, secured to headboard as Hiccup backed away, smirking as he began to undo his suit. "Whaâ€"Hiccup!" he exclaimed, arms struggling against the thing strip of cloth holding him in place.

The viking ignored him in favor of getting out of his gear, unbuckling and stripping each layer of material at a time. By the time he pulled his green tunic over his head, the winter spirit was groaning. "_Hiccup_", he said again, much more needy and desperate than before. The brunette paused to look at Jack; he was curled up on his side, body tense, the flush starting to creep down his neck, biting down on his lower lip in an attempt to contain himself. He wasn't sure what his face was doing but it had Jack groaning again, hips giving an aborted thrust against nothing.

Hiccup hurriedly kicked off his boot, unlatching his metal prosthetic and letting it clatter to the floor, not even bothering with his pants for now in favor of untying the restraint. Jack immediately lunged at him, arms circling around his neck with lips and tongue

pushing at his fervently, cold hands running all down his sides and arms and leaving goosebumps in their wake. Hiccup got his hands under the others' shirt, breaking their kissing just long enough to yank it over his head before they were pressed together again, leaving Jack whimpering into his mouth as he dug his fingers into the back of his thighs.

Hiccup didn't hesitate in yanking Jack's pants down his hips, the other breaking the kiss and trying to muffle his pleased cry into the flesh of his shoulder when he finally got his hand around him. Jack thrust into his fist as Hiccup slipped his other hand down his back, the spirit inhaling sharply as warm fingers brushed against the cleft of his ass. He shuddered, Hiccup easing him onto his back before withdrawing far enough to yank his pants the rest of the way off, discarding them before resuming his previous position, crouched over the pale boy clutching at his shoulders as his fingers rubbed against the hidden furl of muscle that left Jack's entire body tensed, biting down on his lip to keep himself quiet.

Jack was staring up at the ceiling, so he didn't see what the brunette was doing know what the brunette was up to, feeling the one hand disappeared while the other stroked him steadily, until the pressure returned, slick and wet and slowly pushing. He stilled, the intrusion uncomfortable and foreign as he clung to the freckled boy poised above him. Hiccup left it at one finger, wiggling and pushing until Jack was squirming in discomfort. Then he brushed against something and it was like a switch had been thrown; Jack's jaw fell slack, a surprised moan spilling out as his hips jerked.

He felt Hiccup smile against his cheek, puffing out a warm breath of laughter against his cheek. He brushed it a couple more times before withdrawing his hand, slowly pushing in again with two fingers. Jack released his death grip on the other, collapsing against the bed with a gasp, legs locking around his hips. Hiccup continued this way, adding a third finger and steadily moving them inside the other boy, peppering kisses against his face and chest, laving his tongue over his nipples and drawing out breathy moans. Until finally, "E-Enough already," Jack ground out, gasping as the other boy immediately withdrew all three fingers at once.

"Impatient and demanding, as always," Hiccup said, earning a playful slap to the side of the head as Jack growled out him. "Okay okay," Hiccup laughed, realizing Jack was completely naked and he hadn't even undone the buckle on his trousers yet. He drew back to do just that and Jack followed him, yanking at the belt buckle. Hiccup practically collapsed against him as Jack finally got his hands around him, groaning as the pale boy quickly set to work, pushing him back and settling between his legs. Hiccup shouted when Jack went down on him, his shaft disappearing into his mouth, lavishing it with his tongue as he tried not to grin at the reaction. "Oh, shut up," he wheezed, triggering laughter that left him gasping and writhing, half-thrusting into his mouth until Jack had to bar his hips down with his arm to prevent from choking.

Before he could get close to orgasm, Hiccup pulled Jack off of him. "Alright, alright," he said, Jack letting go with a reluctant pop. Hiccup sat up, thumbing at the saliva that had trailed down his jaw before dragging Jack into his lap, hitching his knees on either side of his hips. He looked up at the winter spirit and kissed him, the boy shuddering as his dripping member brushed against the cleft of

his ass.

Hiccup looked up at him and kissed him, distracting him as he took himself in hand and lined them up, slowly pushing in. His body immediately tensed, crying out as he pushed further in but Hiccup just swallowed the sound, refusing to relinquish his hold as he steadily inched further inside. They hadn't gotten close to this a few times before, but Hiccup always let Jack take control of the situation and for one reason or another it always ended before they could get this far. When he bottomed out, he finally let Jack breathe. He pulled back from the kiss, the other gasping and clinging to him, arms wrapped around his neck and legs tight around his hips. Hiccup did his best to soothe him, calmly running his hands over his sides and back, palms flat against his cold skin.

After a few minutes, Jack took a steadying breath and thrust back down against him, causing both to groan in unison. Hiccup took that as a green light, starting a shallow, steady rhythm, easily finding the bundle of nerves that had Jack moaning and trying to muffle it against Hiccup's neck, licking the skin and biting at his collarbone. Soon enough he was pushing back, his own member rubbing against the others' stomach with every thrust, sparks of pleasure dancing between them. Hiccup recovered enough of his brain to get a thought in, wrapping his hand around him, and Jack was gone, releasing with a cry and clamping down around Hiccup, triggering his orgasm.

The sound of wings beating against the night air drifted into the room before the two had recovered, signaling that Valka was home. A minute later Toothless suddenly came bounding into view, pushing them both down and wrapping his wings around them just before the door clicked open. Jack found reality again in the sudden darkness, blinking at Hiccup when the door creaked shut and the wing lifted. The brunette had a hand clamped over his mouth, eyes wide and face burning a deep shade of scarlet. It took him a minute to figure out why.

"You forgot Toothless was in the room, didn't you?"

* * *

><p>So yeah, go ahead and thank **queenofyoursoda****
(queenofyoursoda-.-t-u-m-b-l-r-.-c-o-m ****without the dashes****)
because if she hadn't said something, I wouldn't have posted it. I
would have written it and kept it all to myself.**

**But yeah, I figured the last three chapters were stupidly
depressing, so I ended it on a light note.**

**(Because I am a portal of angst, but I believe in happy
endings.))**

End
file.